

A BICYCLE PROPOSAL

BY JOHN WICKLIFFE GRAY.

Until that summer I had never believed that I was a timid man. But the happenings of a few weeks led me to the conclusion that I had my share and more.

A girl with blue eyes did it. As in most cases where a man has found himself face to face with himself, it was a woman who held the mirror.

It was the old story of scouting at love until I met the one girl, and then I wanted to propose. But what with the doubts that assailed me as to the probable reception of a proposal, and my new-born timidity, I could never gather together sufficient courage at the proper time to give expression to the thoughts that kept me awake at night. I carefully formulated plan after plan to rid my mind of its burden, but one after another they came to naught through my disgusting shyness—cowardice, if you will. I am half inclined to believe that Beatrice knew my condition all the time. But she had a keen sense of humor, and I dreaded that silvery laughter more than a whole regiment of regulars. She could grow serious in a moment, and it was this mood I liked best. But, until that sunny day, when my bicycle helped me through, I had always missed the point. It lacked but four days of my departure from the springs, and I knew to delay might mean to fail altogether.

Delay and defeat were the words that hummed through my brain like a sprocket wheel as we spun down the lane that morning. We were out after an early breakfast, and on that short journey a-wheel I had determined to throw all my chances in the balance and find their intrinsic worth. Just how I was going to begin I had not determined, and I thought that for once I would leave the matter open for the seizure of the first opportunity.

The morning air was crisp and cool. The roadside flowers seemed nodding us a cheery good morning in the light breeze. Now and then from the trees came the call of a bird, and making a shiny black streak in the air, a crow would bend his flight to a lonely tree in the fields, calling to his mate.

Bee and I had said little until we reached the broad pike.

"Want to race?" she called back to me from her point of vantage a few lengths ahead. Now I knew what that meant. Bee was the better rider, for instead of taking a course of indoor physical culture she had adopted golf, tennis and a bicycle as the most enjoyable method of obtaining exercise and health.

"Trying to tease," I said. "But go ahead. I'll do my best. Want to bet anything?"

"No, not when I am certain of the result," she laughed.

I grinned appreciation and asked: "How far?"

"The two mile post," she cried, and we were off.

Bee sprinted, and so did I. But the distance between us remained about the same, and precluded conversation, even had not the pace attained the same end.

Soon the sprockets were singing a steady song to pebbles that spun backward from the rubber tires. We were running at 20 miles an hour down the best piece of road in the section.

I settled to a steady speed, not quite my best, and Bee did the same, saving strength for the last half mile. The wind whistled a merry tune to the time we kept with our pedals. A covey of partridges fled with sharp chirps at our whirlwind advance. I felt and noticed little else beside the trim figure, with flying wisps of brown hair, just ahead of me.

Of a sudden Bee began to draw ahead of me.

"Put your heart into the game," she called back to me, with her head half turned as she spoke. She was laughing out of pure enjoyment of the exercise, and perhaps my probable discomfiture. My pride was nettled, and it must have increased my strength to a considerable degree. Soon I was close behind her, and with the wheels buzzing like mad things, I was even. One more spurt, and by a tremendous effort I was ahead!

"Get your hand in the game," I called back, paraphrasing her own slang. "My heart and your hand," I added by the force of an inspiration, "a match race!" The second mile post was not more than a hundred yards ahead, and I was beginning to believe I should win. I had no time to look back, fearing a loss of my little gain.

But neither was to have the victory. Bee's front wheel advanced slowly, but surely, until it was even with my handle-bars, and as we arrived opposite the post, we were side by side.

It was a tie!

"You got your hand in," I laughed later under the trees where we were seated.

"Yes," she agreed.

"And my whole heart was in it," I added, cautiously.

The blue eyes looked into mine and seemed to read what was there. And then in the fear that my shyness would return, I said quickly, incoherently:

"Your hand, my heart, a match, the tie—Bee!" and—

Well, our bicycle will accompany us on the honeymoon, even though it be as excess baggage.

WINE IN UNITED STATES.

Increased Production Is Becoming a Source of Worry to Foreign Vintners.

The wine industry of California has assumed enormous proportions in the last 20 years, and France, the home of wine-making, "the very vineyard of the earth," has taken fright at the competition which this country has engendered, says the Chicago Tribune. The jury at the recent Paris exposition barred from competition all California wines bearing labels in imitation or celebrated French vintages.

Medals were awarded for California wines in the first exposition in which they were entered, namely, the Vienna exposition of 1876. Since then the finer varieties of grapes, such as the Zinfandel, the Mataros and the Carignans, have been introduced, and it is now possible to equal land even surpass the finest imported brands of wines. The making of wine in California has been developed along scientific lines.

The wine season lasts from the middle of August until the end of October, sometimes right up till Christmas. In Fresno county, the principal sweet wine district, the picking begins. The red grapes are the first to ripen, and the vines yield from six to ten and sometimes even fourteen tons to the acre.

Fruit picking has become a distinct occupation in California, and those who engage in it start early in spring and find plenty of work throughout the summer and fall. The cherry crop comes first, then follows berries, then the peaches, then the pears, and the prunes, hops and grapes prolong the season until winter. Expert pickers can earn from \$2 to \$3 a day, and are furnished sleeping quarters by the planters. In some districts they board themselves and receive higher wages, in which case they usually camp out.

SWEDISH COOKING.

Vagaries That Explain the Lack of a Scandinavian Restaurant in New York.

The Scandinavian population of the city of New York, already considerable, is being added to largely through immigration, but there is not a notable Swedish or Danish restaurant in town, says the New York Sun. The reason for this when every other nationality is represented in the cosmopolitan life of New York, is found not in a theory but a condition.

What is it? It is what may be called a gastronomic lottery—the custom of Scandinavian and especially Swedish cooks to mix ingredients which would have more than justified the historic suicide of that conscientious French culinary artist who did not wish to survive the knowledge that one of his fish sauces was a failure.

A Swedish cook follows the German or French style with variations; and it is these variations which operate as a bar to the establishment of Swedish restaurants.

With a world of soups to draw from, a Swedish cook will make a soup of lager beer. With abundant opportunities for delicacies in the line of desserts, a Swedish cook will, as a gastronomic diversion, mix turnips with a custard.

On prime ribs of roast beef a Swedish cook, if not dissuaded, may sprinkle nutmeg, and a consomme of milk and prunes is always to be feared.

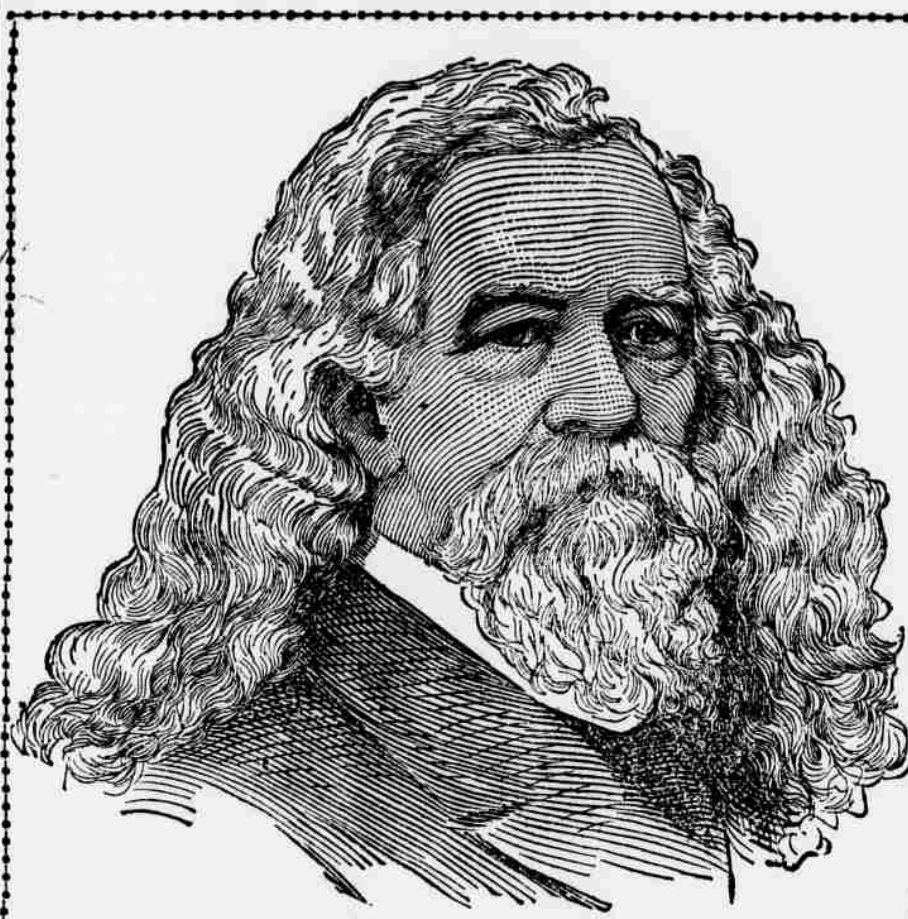
It is the uncertainty of these variations, introduced into a dinner without notice, which in many cases deprives Swedish cooking, ordinarily wholesome and substantial, of the recognition which it would otherwise obtain.

THE GENERAL MARKETS.

Kansas City, March 3.		
CATTLE—Beef steers	3.50	@ 5.25
Western steers	3.65	@ 4.15
Native heifers	2.85	@ 5.00
HOGS	4.15	@ 5.37 1/2
SHEEP	3.50	@ 4.15
WHEAT—No. 2 hard	89	@ 91 1/4
No. 2 red	1.05	
CORN—No. 2 mixed	41	@ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	38	@ 40 1/2
RYE	64	@ 65
POULTRY—Hens, per lb.	9	
Roosters	22 1/2	@ 25
HAY—Timothy	5.50	@ 6.00
Prairie	4.00	@ 7.50
BRAN	18	@ 84
BUTTER—Fancy to extra	18	@ 23
EGGS	10	@ 11 1/4
CHEESE—Full cream	70	@ 80
POTATOES—Home grown	70	@ 80
ST. LOUIS.		
CATTLE—Beef steers	3.60	@ 5.20
Texas steers	3.15	@ 4.40
HOGS—Packers	5.00	@ 5.45
SHEEP—Natives	4.00	@ 4.75
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1.01 1/4	@ 1.08
CORN—No. 2	45 1/4	@ 46
OATS—No. 2	42	@ 43
FLOUR—Red winter pat.	5.30	@ 5.40
BUTTER—Creamery	19	@ 27
EGGS	15	
LARD	6	@ 6.95
BACON	8 5/8	@ 8.50
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Steers	3.50	@ 5.35
HOGS—Mixed and butchers	5.20	@ 5.55
SHEEP—Western	2.50	@ 5.25
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1.03	@ 1.05
CORN—No. 3	42	@ 42 1/2
OATS—No. 2	40	@ 40 1/2
RYE—May	76	
EGGS	17	@ 17 1/4
LARD—May	7 3/4	@ 7.50
PORK—May	14 3/4	@ 14.85
NEW YORK.		
CATTLE—Steers	4.30	@ 5.40
HOGS	5.50	@ 5.75
SHEEP	2.75	@ 4.50
WHEAT—No. 2	1.07	@ 1.11
CORN—No. 2	56 1/2	@ 57
OATS—No. 2	42	@ 43

A COMRADE OF GENERAL GRANT

Says: "I Do Not Believe Pe-ru-na Has a Superior for Catarrh."



BENJAMIN F. HAWKES.

Benjamin F. Hawkes, of Washington, D. C., Is One of the Three Living Comrades of General Grant in His Cadet Days at West Point.

In a recent letter from 611 G street, S. W., Washington, D. C., this venerable gentleman says of Peruna:

"I have tried Peruna after having tried in vain other remedies for catarrh, and I can say without reservation that I never felt a symptom of relief until I had given Peruna the simple trial that its advocates advise. I do not believe it has a superior, either as a remedy for catarrh or as a tonic for the depressed and exhausted condition which is one of the effects of the disease."—Benjamin F. Hawkes.

ISAAC BROCK, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived for 114 years. In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says:

"Peruna exactly meets all my requirements. It protects me from the evil effects of sudden changes; it keeps me in good appetite; it gives me strength; it keeps my blood in good circulation. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine."

"When epidemics of la grippe first began to make their appearance in this country I was a sufferer from this disease."

"I had several long sieges with the grip. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that la grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Peruna for la grippe, and found it to be just the thing."—Isaac Brock.

Pe-ru-na Used in the Family for Years.

Mrs. E. West, 137 Main street, Menasha, Wis., writes: "We have used Peruna in our family for a number of years and when I say that it is a fine medicine for catarrh and colds, I know what I am talking about. I have taken it every spring and fall for four years and I find that it keeps me robust, strong, with splendid appetite, and free from any illness. A few years ago it cured me of catarrh of the stomach, which the doctors had pronounced incurable. I am very much pleased with Peruna. I am 87 years old."—Mrs. E. West.

Pe-ru-na is a Catarrhal Tonic Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

In old age the mucous membranes become thickened and partly lose their function.

This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances.

Peruna corrects all this by its specific operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.

One bottle will convince anyone. Once used and Peruna becomes a life-long standby with old and young.

Mrs. F. E. Little, Tolona, Ill., writes: "I can recommend Peruna as a good medicine for chronic catarrh of the stomach and bowels. I have been troubled severely with it for over a year, and also a cough. Now my cough is all gone, and all the distressing symptoms of catarrh of the stomach and bowels have disappeared. I will recommend it to all as a rare remedy. I am so well I am contemplating a trip to Yellow Stone Park this coming season. How is that for one 71 years old?"

In a later letter she says: "I am only too thankful to you for your kind advice and for the good health that I am enjoying wholly from the use of your Peruna. Have been out to the Yellow Stone National Park and many other places of the west, and shall always thank you for your generosity."—Mrs. F. E. Little.

Strong and Vigorous at the Age of Eighty-eight.

Rev. J. N. Parker, Utica, N. Y., writes: "In June, 1901, I lost my sense of hearing entirely. My hearing had been somewhat impaired for several years, but not so much affected but that I could hold converse with my friends; but in June, 1901, my sense of hearing left me so that I could hear no sound whatever. I was also troubled with severe rheumatic pains in my limbs. I commenced taking Peruna and now my hearing is restored as good as it was prior to June, 1901. My rheumatic pains are all gone. I cannot speak too highly of Peruna, and now when eighty-eight years old can say it has invigorated my whole system."

—Rev. J. N. Parker.

Mr. W. B. Schnader, of Terre Hill, Pa., writes:

"I got sick every winter, and had a spell of cold in February, 1899. I could not do anything for almost two months. In December, 1899, I saw one of your books about your remedies. Then I wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice, and he wrote that I should commence the use of Peruna, and how to take care of myself."

"I did not lose one day last winter that I could not tend to my stock. I am sixty-three years old, and I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for me."

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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the Durable Wall Coating.
Won't Rub Off!

WHY?
Because it cements to, and is not stuck on the wall with decaying, animal glue, as are the various so-called "wall finishes," which are kalsomines sold under fanciful names.

You can apply Alabastine.

ALABASTINE

The Only Sanitary and Permanent Wall Coating

ALABASTINE is not a disease-breeding, hot water glue wall finish, furnishing a lodgment and harbor-ground for disease germs; it is a natural, rock-base composition, in white and many exquisitely beautiful tints; in powder form, ready for use by simply mixing with cold water. Anyone can brush it on.

ALABASTINE cements to walls, destroys disease germs and vermin, and never rubs off or scales. Other wall coatings, under fanciful names, and usually mixed with hot water, are unhealthy kalsomines, stuck on the wall with glue, which soon rots, nourishes germs of deadly diseases, rubs and scales, spoiling walls, clothing and furniture. When it is necessary to refinish, the old coats must be washed off—an expensive, nasty, disagreeable job, making the rooms damp and unfit to live in.

When walls are once coated with Alabastine, succeeding coats may be applied, year after year, without washing the walls, thus saving great expense and annoyance.

Hot and Cold Water Kalsomines Have No Merit

Some dealers try to sell them, buying them cheap, and trying to sell on Alabastine's demand until such time as their customers learn of the imposition.

THEY ARE WORTHLESS PREPARATIONS

If you cannot buy Alabastine of your hardware, paint or drug dealer, refuse all imitations, and write us. We will tell you where you can get Alabastine without delay, or sell it to you direct. **\$500.00 GIVEN AWAY.** Write for particulars.

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